

Sacred Miscellanies :

O R,

1477 c. 12

Divine Poems.

U P O N

Several Subjects.

V I Z.

I. An ODE on *Divine Vengeance*. Inscrib'd to
Mr. STEELE.

II. On the *Last Judgment*, and Happiness of the
Saints in Heaven. By N. ROWE, Esq;

III. The VI. *Psalms*, Paraphras'd. By Mr. SEWELL.

IV. A Paraphrase on Part of the LXVIII. *Psalms*.
By Mr. BROOME of St. *John's* College, Cambridge.

V. The CXIV. *Psalms*, Translated. By Mr. WATTS.

VI. SOLILOQUY, after Receiving the Holy Sacra-
ment. By Mr. COBB.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleetstreet*. M. DCC. XIII.
Price Six Pence,

Second Miscellaneous:
OR
Divine Poems.



Mr. SPECTATOR,

Aug. 1712.

YOU very much promote the Interests of Virtue, while you reform the Taste of a prophane Age, and perswade us to be entertain'd with *Divine POEMS*. While we are distinguish'd by so many thousand Humours, and split into so many different Sects and Parties, yet Persons of every Party, Sect and Humour, are fond of conforming their Taste to yours. You can transfuse your own Relish of a *Poem* into all your Readers, according to their Capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious Passion that reigns in the *Verse*, we seem to feel the Devotion, and grow proud and pleas'd inwardly, that we have Souls capable of relishing what the SPECTATOR approves.

Upon reading the Hymns that you have publish'd in some late Papers, I had a Mind to try whether I could write one. The 114th *Psalms* appears to me an admirable ODE, and I began to turn it into our Language. As I was describing the Journey of *Israel* from *Egypt*, and added the *Divine Presence* amongst them, I perceiv'd a Beauty in the *Psalms* which was entirely New to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the *Poet* utterly conceals the *Presence* of God in the Beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive Pronoun go without a Substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of Divinity there. *Judah was his Sanctuary, and Israel his Dominion or Kingdom.* The Reason now seems evident, and this Conduct necessary: for if God had appear'd before, there could be no Wonder why the *Mountains* should leap and the *Sea* retire; therefore that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprise, his Name is not mention'd till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a Translation without Paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the *sacred Author*.

If the following *Essay* be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few Brightenings from your Genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.

Your daily Admirer and humble Servant, &c.

The CXIV. PSALM Translated.

By Mr. WATTS.

(From Horæ Lyricæ 1709. Not in 1706)

I.

WHEN Israel, freed from PHARAOH'S Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay,
The Deep divides to make them Way;
The Streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Base could stand,
Conscious of Sovereign Power at hand.

IV.

What Power cou'd make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess their LORD.



To Mr. STEELE.

LONG did the Sacred Gown in vain entice,
Long the Laws menac'd us in vain from Vice,
Triumph'd She still, and rev'ling o'er the Town,
The Laws evaded, and despis'd the Gown ;
Till thou the MENTOR of our *Brittish* Youth,
Arm'd with Polite insinuating Truth,
Didst rise against her ; She, all wounded o'er,
All bleeding fresh from BICKERSTAFF before,
Saw thee preparing for a second Fight,
Knew her own Strength, and scowl'd malign, and
sped her Flight.

AGAIN she trembles, and the World again
Stands her Attacks protected by thy Pen.

Thou great industrious Genius, O look down,
Permit me follow thee without a Frown ;

To Mr. STEELE.

Permit me, chaunting thus in lowly Lays
Th' Almighty's Vengeance, and th' Almighty's Praise
Since Vice declines thy Arms with conscious Fear,
To vex the flying Fiend, and gall her in her Rear.

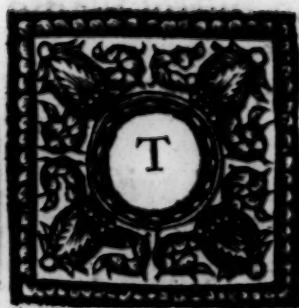
SO chance it in Romantick Tale, a Knight
By dint of Valour has in single Fight
Some Giant of enormous Stature kill'd;
The Dwarfish Squire exultant sees him fell'd,
And fleshes proud, before his smiling Lord,
Deep in the Monster's Breast his Bodkin Sword.

LONG may the Town by thy Instructions thrive,
May the feign'd NESTOR long as NESTOR live.
To Thee my Muse her first Performance pays,
O smile on Pious, tho' unartful Lays:
The Muses fure may boldly claim thy Ear,
If a Mechanick can deserve thy Care;
Smile on endeav'ring Youth, to Thee my Muse
Not yet of Age to stand, her GUARDIAN fues.



AN
ODE
ON
Divine Vengeance.

I.



O sing the Great Avenger's Praise,
To say when Mercy's long abus'd
What various Penalties his Angels
use,

Let Consternation rule my Lays,
And Horror be my Muse,

2 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

And thou, O MICHAEL, thou who first didst crown
Thy Victory with Vengeance and with Pain,
Plunging in Fire full many a Fathom down
The Old original Arch-rebel's Train,

Propitious hear. Howl, howl, you Deeps below;

Howl, howl, you Fiends, aloud and long,
Confirm the dreadful Tale, confirm my Song;
Witness in Cries, you miserable Band,
How heavy 'tis to feel th'Almighty's Hand,
How heavy 'tis to suffer endless Woe.

II.

AS yet the World was young, when lustful Flame
And universal Sin defil'd the new-born Frame;

Th' incens'd Almighty bids the Flood arise,
High on the Waters Desolation low'rs,

The raging Flood obeys, and laves the Skies,
The Skies assist the Flood with never-ceasing
Show'rs: Loud

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 3

Loud Thunder bellows o'er the foaming Waves,
Cheer'd at the Thunder's Voice old Ocean raves,
Drives on his Legions with a mighty Sound,
Sweeps o'er the Continent, and bursts the fruitless
Mound.

The World is all alarm'd. With wild Affright
Rous'd at the Deluge's Approach, the sturdy Swains
Forfake their Hamlets, Flocks, and lowly Plains,
To climb the spiral Tow'r, or Mountains clouded
Height:

In vain the Tow'rs, or Mountains Height they
climb;

In vain their Arms the sinewy Swimmers ply,
Their Toil but gains a little little Time;
The swift-pursuing Seas advance, the Billows fly,
Men, Mountains, Towers, all beneath the whelm-
ing Whirl-pool lie,

4 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

III.

BUT hark ! again the Wrath of God
Is up, is rous'd, is sent abroad ;
Now in far other Torrents streams it from the Skies,
To warn the World, the Wicked to chastise.
O dreadful ! dreadful ! how the Heavens blaze !
The Thunder's and the Lightning's Store
By Intervals is dealt no more :
The ghastly Gleam incessant plays,
Incessant Thunders roar.
Aloft the delegated Seraphs ride,
And to the destin'd Mark the flaming Vengeance
guide.
The destin'd Mark is *Sodom's* Tow'rs,
On them the flaming Vengeance pours ;
On them and on their impious Friends
The fiery Wreck and sulph'rous Gust descends.

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 5

See o'er their Heads the frowning Seraph meets ;
See ! all the mighty Ruin bosoms in their Streets.

Woe ! woe ! to *Sodom*, to *Gomorrha* woe !
Woe to those execrable Seats of licens'd Lust !

Low lay their Porticoes, their Pillars low,
Confus'd, involv'd in nitrous Dust.

Woe ! woe to *Sodom* ! to *Gomorrab* woe !
Woe to those execrable Seats of licens'd Lust !

IV.

ARE then *Gomorrab*'s lofty Tow'rs o'erthrown ?

Seeths the *Dead Sea* with *Sodom*'s penal Fire ?

And shall Imperious *Babylon* alone

By Tyranny and Guilt aspire ?

† No, no, the Day, the Day draws on,

When *Babylon*, triumphant *Babylon*,

nds. *Isaiah*, Chapter the 13th, Verse the 19th, &c.

See

The

6 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

The Scourge of Kingdoms, and the *Chaldee's*
Boast.

Her Crowns, her Palaces, her Trophies all,
Shall fall, for ever fall,

Like *Sodom*, like *Gomorrha* lost.

I see ev'n now the Sons of *Israel* freed ;

I see, I see the plunder-loving *Mede*

Deaf to the Infant's Scream, and Matron's Moans

Thro' Streams of Gore, and Storms of Groans, O

Rush proudly on to lay the City waste,

I see the City desolate at last ;

The City's desolate, the Land accurs'd,

The *Arab* Clan, to Blood and Rapine nurs'd,

Here Conscience-struck shall roam the Region

round,

Rather than pitch their Tents on this accurs'd

Ground.

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 7

Far, far from *Babylon's* devoted Air
The Shepherd-Swain shall tend his fleecy Care;
Nought shall of Human Race in *Babylon* be seen,
Nothing but Reptiles foul, and Birds and Beasts ob-
scene,
Slow thro' the gorgeous Room and marbled Hall,
The bloated Basilisk shall slide, the Viper crawl,
The Dragon high shall rear his Crest, and trail
O'er Floors of Cedar his enormous Tail;
Yon gilded Dome shall eccho to the Owl,
The Owl shall scream, the Panther howl,
Loud shall the Lion roar, and frightful groan the
Bear,
Where now the Minstrel glads the Guest with mo-
dulated Air.

V.

SUCH was the Face of *Egypt*, when at once,
The closing Deep ingulph'd her harnafs'd Sons,

C

Tho'

8 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

Tho' clustring Carbuncles, and Ulcers fore,
Tho' tenfold Pestilence before
Had warn'd him of the God of *Israel's* Pow'r,
Hot in Pursuit, intent upon his Prey.

The madding Tyrant heedless of his Way,
With his whole People perish'd in the partial Sea ;
The Waves no longer patient of Divorce,
Rush'd to their Fellows with united Force,
Clasp'd in a strong Embrace, and with their wild
Career

O'erwhelm'd the Chariot and the Charioteer.

The Southern Desert then the God of *Israel*
mov'd,

The Tyger there no longer lay ;
Missing his usual Hunters on he rov'd,

And to the lonely City made his Way ;
Was nightly in the Streets of *Memphis* seen,

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 9

Was nightly at the Palace Door
Pawing heard, and heard to roar,
Whilst trembling for her Babe the Matron wept
within.

VI.

AND is it thou, my Saviour, is it thou,
Whom groaning from the shameful Cross I hear?
And dost thou, Son of God, and dost thou bow
Thy sacred agonizing Head, and feel the piercing
Spear?

For this, *Jerusalem*, for this be sure;
For this thy last, thy most transcendent Guilt,
(Tho' now thou triumph'st in that Guilt secure,
Tho' long ago the Blood of Prophets spilt
Could but some short Captivity procure;)
For this, *Jerusalem*, for this be sure,

10 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

For this on Thee and thine, unhappy *Jew*,
Vengeance, eternal Vengeance will ensue.
Fly, fly, you Matrons, to the Mountains fly,
CÆSAR draws on, the *Roman* Troops are nigh,
Vain are your Battlements, your Bulwarks vain;
In vain to Heav'n for Help you call,
The Ministers of Heav'n fill *Sion's* Plain,
Sion is doom'd, *Jerusalem* must fall,

VII.

ETERNAL, Terrible, Almighty Lord,
The Famine, Plague, and wasteful Sword
Rous'd at thy Call, awake, and wing their way;
Rous'd at thy Call, the Plague with all her foul
Array,
Thirst, Disquiet, wrecking Pains.
Eating Boils, and loathsome Blains,

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 11

All parch'd her Cheeks, and fiery her Eyes,
Comes slowly sailing from the tainted Skies;
Cities and Nations fall before her Breath,
Gladsome she feasts the Fates, and gluts insatiate
Death.

Her deadly Dews consumptive Famine guides,
A Northern Blast the meagre Fiend bestrides,
A cross the fruitful Fields her Journey takes,
The Flocks forget to graze, Mankind to feed,
The sick'ning Harvest, and the tarnish'd Mead,
Where'er she flies her baneful Progress speaks;
The Famine sore, and sore the Plague annoys,
A speedier way the wasteful Sword destroys,
The Spear, the Battle-Ax, the bearded Dart,
Are dealt around the Ranks; with thundring Speed
His Faulchion bath'd in Blood, the Champion spurs
his Steed,

Whilst

12 *An ODE on Divine Vengeance.*

Whilst Victory and Death preside, and keen the
murd'rous Art.

VIII.

BUT oh what Numbers shall express, what
Pencil draw

The Shame, the dread Distraction, of that Day,
When Hell shall fill its rav'nous Maw,
And Vengeance surfeit on her helpless Prey?
Away, fond Paganism, with all thy Tales away,
Nor Furies could inflict, nor MINOS could decree;

Such Pangs such Agonies, as thou,
And all those poor deluded Souls who bow
To Idol Deities, shall suffer then with thee.
Compar'd with those Ixion's Wheel is Rest,
And hungry TANTALUS shall seem to feast,
The Weight that SISYPHUS was said to roll,
Shall hang with double Burthen on the sinful Soul;
Yet

An ODE on Divine Vengeance. 13

Yet more, to add fresh Vigour to their Woes,
Rowling in livid Streams, and stretch'd on flaming
Beds,

Hell's fiery Cope shall open o'er their Heads,

And at one view the Blest above disclose,

What will be then their Thoughts, what then their
Cries?

When the chafly-rev'ling Band

Harping, moving hand in hand,

At once shall torture and delight their Eyes;

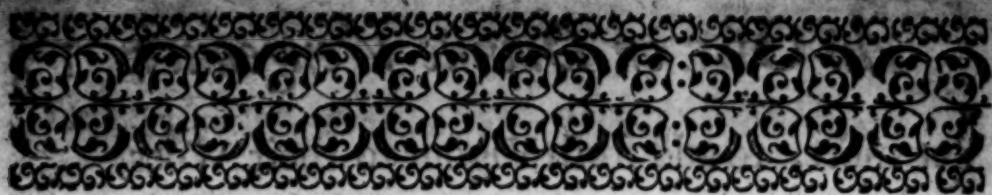
Whilst they begirt with everlasting Chains

Groan, weep, and howl, and curse beneath their
Pains,

And ever and anon their Arms to Heaven throw,

Struggling in vain to rise for ever bound below.





A

PARAPHRASE

On Part of the LXVIII. PSALM.

By MR. BROOME of St. JOHN's College, *Cambridge*.



FROM the blest Seats of everlasting
Day

Where lambent Flames on tender Pi-
nions play,

Involv'd in Glory, and array'd in Light,

Descend, O God, Terrific to the Fight.

Thy Forms of Horrors, and thy Trains of Woes

Before thy Face, a dreadful Pomp disclose!

With all thy Terrors rushing on thy Foes.

They

A Paraphrase on Psal. 68. 15

They at thy Presence shall disperse abroad,
Nor bear the Fury of their angry God :

Swift they shall vanish, as when Storms arise,
The scatter'd Smoke before the Tempest flies,
Whirl'd from the Ground and whisk'd along the
Skies.

But still thy Mercy, Lord, the Righteous crowns,
They bless thy Vengeance and enjoy thy Frowns :

To thee they tune their Lyres, and Hymns repeat,
And sing thee ever Good and ever Great,

Still, still the Lyre, ye Righteous, higher raise,
And thro' the Earth and Heavens diffuse his Praise.

He, his bright Glory in thick Darkness shrouds,
Reins the loud Winds, and rides upon the Clouds,
And stretches his Pavillion o'er the Flouds.

He from his holy Seat, propitious hears
The Widows Groans, and views the Orphans
Tears ;

D

And

16 *A Paraphrase on Psal. 68.*

And tho' he reigns eternally on high,
Above th' Expansion of the azure Sky,
The Wretches Sorrows, and the Captives Sighs
With kind Acceptance to his Throne arise ;
He calms the Anguish of th' afflictive Pain,
And Piety ne'er breath'd a Vow in vain.

WHEN thou, O God, in terrible Array
Thro' the waste Wilderness didst hold thy Way ;
When the Waves open'd, and when *Israel* trod,
The Chambers of the Deep, the Paths of God,
The Rains pour'd downwards with a rushing
Sound,
And dreadful Earthquakes rock'd the trembling
Ground ;

All Nature in the dire amaze partook,
And everlasting Hills affrighted shook.
Thou, when the Sultry Sun, and burning Plain,
With Heats outrageous parch'd the thirsty Train,

Didst

A Paraphrase on Psal. 68. 17

Didst from the Stony Rock, call forth a Flood,
The Stony Rock confess'd the present God,
And opening at thy Voice, the streaming Waters
flow'd.

When Kings and Nations to the Battle drew,
Thy Voice was heard, and Kings and Nations
flew;

Embattled *Israel* beheld from far
The flying Armies and their wild Despair,
And tho' they conquer'd, only saw the War.

BY Tyrants scourg'd, forsaken by thy God,
How hast thou groan'd beneath th' afflictive Rod?
How hast thou, *Judah*, wept thy rueful Chains,
When none with Pity heard thy mournful Strains,
When all took barb'rous Pleasures in thy Pains?
Yet shalt thou rise, yet bear imperial Sway,
Nations to thee shall kneel, to thee their Tribute
pay;

18 *A Paraphrase on Pſal. 68.*

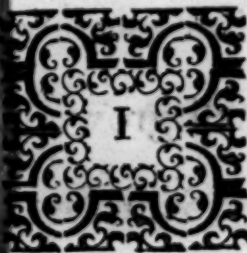
Thus the gay Dove illuſtrious to behold,
 Expands the Glories of her plummy Gold;
 From the low Earth triumphantly ſhe flies,
 Shoots thro' the Clouds, and riſes to the Skies.

WHEN the Almighty ſtood on *Sinai's* Height,
 Roab'd in thick Clouds, and circumambient Night,
 Ten Thouſand Thouſand Cherubims appear'd,
 His glorious, amiably tremendous Guard!
 Myriads of flaming Chariots throng'd around,
 The Eternal Wheels ſent forth a hideous Sound,
 The Thunder rattled, and the Mountain groan'd.
 Then with a Captive Train, the Victor God,
 With all the Pomp of Heav'n diſplay'd abroad,
 Aſcending to his Throne triumphant rode,
 The joyous Heav'ns with Acclamations rung,
 And the Spheres danc'd while tuneful Angels fung.



On the Last JUDGMENT and Hap-
piness of the SAINTS in Heaven.

By N. ROWE, Esq;



I N that blest Day, from ev'ry part
the Just,
Rais'd from the liquid Deep, or
mould'ring Dust,
The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
All of past Ages, present, and to come,
In full Assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious Court:
There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
Our great Forefathers there we shall behold,

From

20 *On the Last Judgment, &c.*

From whom old STOCKS and ANCESTRY began,
And worthily in long Succession ran ;

The Reverend Sires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble
Feat.

There, all those tender Tyes which here below,
Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.

Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,

A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,

Its everlasting Being shall commence ;

There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be
done,

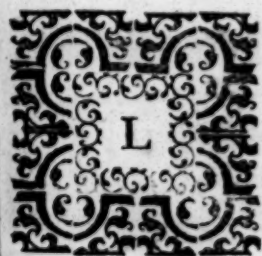
No Night shall rise, to shade Heav'n's glorious Sun,

But one Eternal HOLY DAY go on.



PSALM the VI. Paraphras'd.

By Mr. SEWELL.



Ord, when thy fearful Indignation
burns,

And all thy Mildness into Anger
turns,

When Mercy sleeps a while, and Justice wakes,

And Vengeance on the trembling Sinner takes,

O! then, O! then, thy triple Scourge forbear,

Thy DAVID, O! thy guilty DAVID spare.

I bend already to the galling Yoke,

Weak is my Body, and my Bones are broke,

My

22 *A Paraphrase on Psal. 6.*

My fleshy Fabric, *Lord*, is all unsound,
 O! pour thy healing Balm into my Wound;
 Uneasy Thoughts sit heavy on my Breast,
 My Soul is with the mighty Load oppress'd,
 But, *Lord*, how long wilt thou deny me Rest?
 How long shall I unto my *God* complain,
 Turn thy redeeming Hand, O! turn again,
 I sink, I sink into the dismal Lake,
 Save me, O save me for thy Mercies sake.
 On this side Death thy pitying Ear I crave,
 For who remembers thee within the Grave?
 Can the mute Tomb its thankful Offerings raise,
 Or breathless Clay grow eloquent, and praise?
 Repeated Sighs my sickly Body wear,
 And strong Convulsive Groans my Entrails tear,
 My Tears perpetual as the Night-Dew fall,
 Water my Couch, and wash my Bed with Gall,

A Paraphrase on Psal. 6. 23

Sorrow has all my Blood, and Spirits drunk,
My Cheeks are faded, and my Eyes are funk.

My taunting Enemies around me boast,

Deride my former Strength, and Vigour lost;

But haste away! ye impious Scorners fly,

The *Lord* in Pity has observ'd my Cry,

The *Lord* again his bended Suppliant hears,

Grants his Petition, and receives his Tears:

My scornful Foes shall tremble at his Name,

And in their sudden Flight confess their Shame.



SOLILOQUY, after Receiving the Holy Sacrament. From Dr. INETT's Meditations.

By Mr. COBB.



HAT doubtful Joy mix'd with uncommon Pains,

Invades my Soul, and shivers in my Veins?

What strange Amazement does the Prospect give,

That I have feasted with my God, and live?

When I reflect on that mysterious Love,

Which ranks me with the Saints, and Blest above.

When I that Blood have tasted, which began

To gush in Rivers on offending Man,

And from the sinful World's Foundation ran.

That God should with a crimson Stream confirm

Me, wretched Me! poor, undeserving Worm!

A Prince, a Father does his Wrath forego,

And clasps a Prodigal and Rebel so!

An

SOLILOQUY.

25

An undone Creature by his Mercy wins,
Who Wrongs on Wrongs had heap'd, and Sins on
Sins!

Is Man, good God! of that unvalu'd Price,

To draw from blisful Heaven thy pitying Eyes?

Is thus thy Goodness fix'd? are any Charms

In Dust, to merit thy embracing Arms?

Can Ashes, Misery, and crumbling Clay

A Title to thy Love, and Bounty lay?

Or can Ingratitude usurp a Right

To the fair Mansions of eternal Light?

Can silly Man, blest'd Lord! pretend to quit

The mighty Score, and boundless Benefit?

My Lips indeed the sacred Cup did wet,

But only helps to load th' increasing Debt.

For this I'll pray, and pay my Vows to Thee,

O Lord, too mindful of forgetting me!

Since

Since his all-healing Hands my Health restore,
I'll combat with my Crimes, and sin no more,
Left a worfe Plague afflict me than before;
I'll stretch my scanty Span, protract my Days
In Songs of Triumph, and in Songs of Praise.
And, that no Sins may plunge me in Despair,
Shall be my Morning and my Evening Care,
To thee a constant Sacrifice of Prayer.
A Life, devoutly spent, and free from Guilt,
Makes small Atonement for thy Blood that's spilt.
My self I'll conquer, and my waisting Breath
Shall laud the Passion of my Saviour's Death.
That I may celebrate thy Holy Feast,
And come a worthy and invited Guest,
Shall be my early and my latest Pain;
May I my Lusts and Appetites restrain,
Nor let thy Tears of Blood be spent in vain.

F I N I S.



